



Wednesday, October 03, 2007

Adam Fieled; six poems from When You Bit...

Grudge-Fucks

This, crazy, water-leakage:
I slip-slide away into you,
out of you, into her, out of
her, we're oil-slicked birds
squawking out minor-key
laments for lost closure. I
hang on the end of clothes-
lines: I'm ten sheets, each
dripped w grease, blood,
butter, milk, a catalogue of
epic grudge-fucks. Not that
anyone has come. Each kiss
is a suicide Jack in a game:
sixty-nine innings. No draw.

I'm Down

Forest: within it, I'm
field mice, I scamper.
Over still streams I
watch your beechen
green strips fold off.
I hide beneath logs,
consoled by slugs. I
intermix w acorns, I
sharpen my teeth on
pictures of you. I am
down wells. I'm down.
My body is grounded.
I've been pounded by
solitude: thus, I frown.

Three Sets of Teeth

Three sets of teeth: who
can check for cavities?
A three-way circuit: who
will start the striptease?
Three lovers in three ways:
how merrily the dance
begins. We spin, we spin,
we forget our instincts,
anima, the part of teeth
that cuts. We are sluts.
There is an "I" here that
stands for all of us, but
its eyes are shut. Sleep
lulls it to rest, not think. Or speak.

Cocaine Gums

I ache: dull, sharp,
in a heap of paper.
All paper: picture,
bright, bold, dark.
I have nailed you
to a piece: black.
I darken touched

About Me

Name: **Lars Palm**

Location: far north

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things: I'm used.
I write you, you,
you, as if kissed
by a fresh body,
rose-petal bliss.
I drowse: numb
as cocaine gums.

Screw

I want you to be like a bull.
I want you to call me a fool.
I want to be ass-proud for you.
I want you to call me to screw.
I know this iambic is dry.
I know this excess has to stop.
I know I can laughably cry.
I know blood can come drop by drop.
I come for you kicking my ass.
I've come to be making a pass.
I've come undistracted by "I".
I killed off my "I" as it's dry.
I start off these lines in the sand.
I want to end up in your hand.

Duration

This eclipse: I'm durable
only before, after. Throat
parched, nightingale loud
in my trees, I'm beechen.
I'm green. I send myself
into forests after you, I
skip over streams, being
stone: heavy, jagged, on
top of slugs, worms, dirt.
My heart: too thick, aches.
I don't want beer, I want
to be wound around you.
Deliverance: beds of muck.
It's what I can say you suck.

posted by Lars Palm @ 4:10 PM

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Monday, January 08, 2007

Adam Fieled; three dream poems

Rowdy Dream (Andrew Lundwall)

I was slumming @
Andrew Lundwall's.
There was a demented
cook called Seana
w/ tortured ringlets.

There was a cooking
issue, a food problem.
I ate something.
I stayed on the fifth
floor, away from

rowdies on floors
two & three. My
Mom broke in,
spoke of better
food, more rowdies.

I wanted to be
more rowdy, left
floor five. Seana
spoke gibberish to
me in the kitchen.

I wasn't happy or
unhappy; I was in
the middle. All this
time Andrew Lundwall
sat on a throne on

floor one. I was
making my way
down there when
I awoke— no food.
I became rowdy.

Jessica Smith Dream

Jessica Smith was a corpse
on a bed on a screen in front
of me. She lay in darkness
w an obscure head. I touched

the screen— it grew red. I
touched her head on the screen
& she was alive again, &
blonde. I stepped back from

the screen, hearing her
breathing. I felt as if I had
performed an exorcism—
this was holy water. I shook

through the whole thing.

Lars Palm Dream

I was skulking in

About Me

Name: **Lars Palm**

Location: far north

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a dorm room with
Lars Palm, who
was chucking
lobsters. A yellow

globule tried to
get our goat; a wall
started talking.
Lars was furious.
Some girls were

involved with us,
as junk piled up.
Lars threw a
lobster at the
yellow globule,

roaring. It was
a pivotal moment—
bare walls. Rubbish
heap. Fucked
globules. We left.

posted by Lars Palm @ 5:35 PM

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